ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Church. Company, villanous company hath beene the ſpoyle of mee.

Bar. *Sir Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why there is it, come, ſing mee a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentlman need to bee, vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to Bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paide money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of all reaſonable compaſſe, *Sir Iohn*.

Fal. Doe thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee, thou art the King of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, *Sir Iohn*, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile bee ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*: I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple: for there hee is in his Robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oath ſhould be, *By this fire, that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darkeneſſe. When thou runſt vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire; there's no purchaſe in Mony. O thou art a perpetuall Tryumph, and euerlaſting Bone-fire-light, thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the Sacke that thou haſt drunke mee, would haue bought mee Lights as good cheape, at the dearſt Chandlers in *Europ.* I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, ſo ſhould I be heart-burned.

How

How now, dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you en
yet who pickt my pocket?

Hoſt. Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you think, *Sir Io*
I keepe theeues in my houſe? I haue ſearcht, I h
haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeru
the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe b

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, *Bardoll* was ſhau'd, and lo
and Ile be ſworne my pocket was pickt: goe to
man, goe.

Hoſ. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was
mine owne houſe before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſ. No, *Sir Iohn*, you doe not know mee, *Sir Io*
Sir Iohn, you owe me money, *Sir Iohn*, and
quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a c
to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them
wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

Hoſ. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of v
owe money here beſides, *Sir Iohn*, for your diet,
ings, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Falſ. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſ. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Falſ. How? poore? looke vpon his face: Wha
let them coine his Noſe, let them coine his
a denyer: what, will you make a younker of me?
mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my pocke
loſt a ſeale Ring of my Grandfathers, worth for

Hoſ. O Ieſu, I haue heard the *Prince* tell him, I k
oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falſ. How? the *Prince* is a Jacke, a ſneake-cup:
were here, I would cudgell him like a Dog, if he

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe me
playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doo
Muſt we all march?

Bar. Yea two and two, Newgate faſhion.

Hoſ. My Lord, I pray you heare me.